

The Evening World.

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DISPEL THE CLOUD.

UNLESS this country does something to check the ruthless forcing up of food prices a blight will presently descend upon its prosperity.

The Evening World has already declared its belief that the chief cause of that curtailment of general buying which is worrying the merchants is to be found in the fact that the bare necessities of life now cost so much that there is little or nothing left of the average family income to spend on anything else.

The American public is more and more appalled at what it has to pay for food. If present conditions continue or grow worse, panic is certain to ensue.

Are prevailing extortionate food prices necessary?

We do not believe they are. That is also, we note, the emphatic opinion of Herbert C. Hoover, whose experience and first hand knowledge of food conditions in Europe during the war have made him generally recognized as the man best fitted to grapple with the great food problem of this country.

The false notion that we have to deal with famine in the United States, Mr. Hoover will have none of. We have now and will have next year, he points out, a large surplus of food—which, however, it is our obvious duty to increase to the utmost to meet the needs of our allies.

The pressing problem in the United States is not so much how to produce more food—which is merely a question of extending industry—as how to keep food out of the hands of speculators and profiteers whose every contact with it means waste and extortion.

"I have no hesitation in saying," declares Mr. Hoover,

"that if the able, patriotic men representing the majority of each branch of the food trades were called in and clothed with the necessary powers to force the small minority of skunks that exist in every trade, one result would be that an equally nutritious flour based on even \$1.50 wheat could be sold in New York for a good deal under \$5 a barrel and every trade would receive its legitimate profit."

With sufficient control, Mr. Hoover believes the present price of flour can be reduced by from 40 to 50 per cent. and "at the same time the producer treated in a liberal manner." If we find a way to deal with submarines and thus open other markets to our allies, he thinks we may "see wheat at \$1 a bushel and flour under \$6."

On the other hand, unless we get a grip on the food situation:

"We may see \$20 flour before the year is over and a total dislocation of wages and consequent dislocation of industry and living."

"It is possible that the last three months of next year we may be bare of breadstuffs in this country."

That is for Congress to think about.

Unless food prices are controlled and speculators eliminated most people in the United States will presently have no money at all to spare for less necessary commodities.

If general buying halts, business will become alarmed, money grow scarce and industry flag.

Industry, employment, confidence are what give the country strength to fight and keep on fighting with undiminished power.

That power must not be undermined by panic.

Reassure American consumers.

Once give them guarantees that their Government will not leave them at the mercy of food exploiters, and we believe that confident, though careful, buying will dispel the cloud now gathering over business.

What with munition workers setting up separate republics and the Socialists sending delegates to a peace conference at Stockholm, the present Government of revolutionized Russia is entitled to sympathy. But when was new born liberty anything but a wriggling, squirming, thankless infant?

We have our limitations, which is probably why we fail to appreciate the inspired quality of the idea which prompted Gov. Whitman's committee to take Billy Sunday along with the great French Marshal to West Point.

It has been a memorable week for New York. May some of its memories stay by and cheer us for the tasks ahead.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Perhaps you have noticed that when a woman says "there's no use talking" she keeps right on—Chicago News.

For the "embattled farmers" the inviolable farmers are now to be substituted—Columbia (S. C.) State.

This country is now the chief financial reliance of Uncle Sam, Funtz & Co.—Savannah News.

Maybe folks can stand success as well as they can failure, but most of 'em never have a chance to find out—Binghamton Press.

Periscope New Aid in Winning Divorce

BEWARE the periscope! Out in Kansas City a jealous husband used one and obtained a divorce. When the court heard all of the things that the plaintiff said he had seen by its aid, his suit was hastily granted.

It seems that the man went to the apartment house where his wife was staying, following their separation. With him he took two friends and the trusty periscope. This was adjusted so that the three could look through the transom over the door of his wife's room. They saw one kneep and rushed for a lawyer.

The judge who presided tested the periscope—though not in the same way—and signed the papers.

Waterproof Fabric Made of Cork and Cloth

A NEW waterproof fabric has recently been produced in France which is made partly of cork and in addition to being impervious to moisture, is said to be very durable and a non-conductor of heat. The cork is cut up into very thin slices and then placed in chemical baths to remove certain resinous substances that tend to give it brittleness, says Popular Mechanics. As finally prepared, the thin sheets are so pliable that they can be bent double without being injured. By preparation, a fabric is obtained that is light and strong, and affords complete protection against rain.

Evening World Daily Magazine.

"Don't Use It as a Weapon!"

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By J. H. Cassel



The Cry of the Cat By Sophie Irene Loeb

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WOMAN writes as follows: "I am going to ask you for a plea for the dumb ones, especially the house cat. Now that May has arrived it means that many will move and leave their cats to starve, which I think is a frightful thing to do. They pretend to love their cats until they take up their minds to move."

"Where are the poor creatures to get food? There was a time when they could get it from garbage cans, but now there is nothing for them to do but starve and be abused by children as well as grown ups."

"I hope you will give space to this letter and also your own opinion on the subject. The S. P. C. A. will call for a cat and it only costs one cent to send for them."

Dear woman, your letter deserves space, and my opinion is that every one should read it and reflect on it.

During the week a bill has been passed in the Legislature providing for a license fee of twenty-five cents per year for every cat. Otherwise

cats will be taken in custody by city officials or animal societies.

If this bill is signed by the Governor it may tend to relieve the suffering in that cats which have no home will not be permitted to move about in misery on the public thoroughfares. This bill is now before the Governor for consideration.

Aside from the legal elements, however, there is a great humane duty to be declared. Any one who owns a cat, moves away and leaves no provision for the animal is a pretty poor sort of citizen, and deserves the condemnation of his neighbors.

I wish there were a statute to apprehend such people and punish them for their gross neglect. Doubtless such cats have proved of value to

the family in keeping away mice, besides filling the place of a pet.

To abandon such a creature after he has been of service is like forgetting an old friend when he needs you most. There is just as much treachery involved, if not more.

For the friend may help himself, but the cat is left to starve, and at the mercy of the meanest passerby. I know several people who have stopped in the street when they found a suffering cat or dog and called up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or the Hide-a-Wee Home and saw to it that the animal's sufferings were alleviated.

A little time spent in this way does more to bring the glow of gladness at the end of the day than you would think for. Just try it and see how it makes you feel like "patting yourself on the back."

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

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IT has been almost forty-eight hours since I have read of the appointment in Washington of any new committee to regulate people and things," remarked the head polisher.

"The Executive Department of the Government," said the laundry man, "is apparently cooling out. Certainly it has travelled far since the declaration of war in directing the attention of the citizens of this republic

to the theory that they are unable to take care of themselves.

"The bewildered citizens abroad, willing to do their bit and shed oil their share of the cost and suffer cheerfully and even with loud acclamation the hardships of war, are beset on all sides by theorists, blowhards, fatheads and economic crackpots who are enabled by reason of the fact that they are three-fourths bluff and one-fourth nerve to penetrate to the inner shrines of statesmanship in Washington and procure for their alleged principles either an official or a semi-official stamp of approval. The common sense citizen is too busy producing for the benefit of the Nation, minding his own business, paying his taxes and bringing up his children to go down to the capital and help make Uncle Sam blitherous."

"We haven't started to raise our army yet, but we have gone far on our way to discipline the civilian population. There is a propaganda on foot to establish that every American business man is a crook and every other American citizen is an ass. All trains Washington bound are crowded with persons of both sexes who have made it the business of their lives to try to regulate the appetites, thoughts, habits, wearing apparel, amusements, wives, husbands and offspring, present and prospective, of other people. Unfortunately they find in Washington official life an amazingly large number of salaried meddlers in whom the regulatory spirit is overpowering."

"This country has been steadily tending toward domination by small minds. The war, eventually, will kick the loud, insistent busy-body to the rear, but this will not come to pass until war is here in earnest and real men come to the front to do the work of men. In the meantime it is up to the people at large to express in some way to the balloonheads who are trying to submit them to the discipline of a dependent orphan's home an intimation that there is a limit to the

good nature of even the American public."

WHAT became of the bill which would send an editor to jail for criticizing the official acts of an officer of the Government?" asked the head polisher.

"It was reluctantly amended and denatured," said the laundry man, "but the amended bill hasn't been adopted. Many members of Congress who get up and yawn about the freedom of the press being the foundation stone of liberty would like to enact a law which would make the press as effective as a Mexican dollar bill."

"Our lawmakers are always seeking a way to muzzle the press. That well known moral guiding light, the late Thomas C. Platt, almost got his anti-cartoon bill through the New York Legislature. The spirit behind his fight is still alive on Capitol Hill."

"Draconic press censorship in time of war is akin to the old time principle of the Police Department that it is against public policy to print anything about robberies. The theory is that if a burglar reads in the papers about a robbery he has committed he will at once realize that the police are at work on the case and will, therefore, try to keep from setting arrested."

I SEE," said the head polisher, "that the small towns of the Middle West are away ahead of New York in furnishing recruits for the army."

"The reason is plain," explained the laundry man. "The young fellows out in the small towns in the Middle West are willing to do anything to get away, while New York is so good a place to live in that even the country's call is temporarily overcome by its manifold attractions."

Famous Heroes Of the U. S. Navy

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 10—JERRY O'BRIEN, Hero of the Revolution's First Sea Fight.

YOU will find no bust of him, I think, in the Capitol of his State or at Washington. I am not even sure there is anywhere an authentic portrait of him. But he was a hero none the less—a naval hero, the first naval hero of our American Revolution.

He was Jerry O'Brien—Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, if you prefer—a strapping giant of a man, eldest of six big sons of an Irish emigrant who had drifted to the little Maine coast village of Machias.

Machias was full of staunch patriots—farmers and sailors and fisher-folk—who grew red with anger at every tale of British oppression that reached their village. They scowled, too, every time they looked out in the harbor where the British war-schooner *Margaretta* rode at anchor, guarding two sloops that had been sent to Machias to collect lumber for the English navy.

On the morning of May 9, 1778, a fishing smack from Boston touched at the Machias dock. Her crew brought stirring news. They told the excited villagers that the Revolution had at last begun; that Paul Revere had stirred the countryside to arms and that the farmer minute-men of Massachusetts had thrashed a body of redcoat veterans.

The Revolution was on! We were at last at war with England. The men of Machias burst into a wild cheer.

But Jerry O'Brien quickly silenced them. He pointed to the *Margaretta* and to the men aboard the British lumber sloop. Then he beckoned a knot of his friends to one side and whispered to them. After which he made the fishing smack's crew promise to say nothing to any of the Englishmen about the news from Boston.

Two mornings later a band of thirty-five Machias men assembled on the dock, under the leadership of Jerry O'Brien. They were armed with fowling pieces, rusty muskets, horse pistols, swords and pitchforks.

At a word from O'Brien they leaped aboard the nearest lumber sloop, drove its amazed crew over into the water and took possession of the sloop. Then they sailed forth to capture the *Margaretta*.

In other words, this rabble of villagers rushed into battle against a warship whose crew outnumbered them and who were well-armed veteran fighters. The *Margaretta*, moreover, carried two swivel guns, besides lesser artillery.

Capt. Moore of the British vessel had seen the raid on the lumber sloop. As this commandered sloop, crowded with wild patriots, bore down on the *Margaretta* Capt. Moore ordered the anchor up and the sails hoisted. In his hurry he gave an order which jibed his mainmast so suddenly to port that the boom snapped in two.

Unable to manoeuvre his ship, he opened fire on the advancing sloop. The cannon shots went wild. Smash against the *Margaretta* dashed the sloop. And, with Jerry O'Brien in the lead, the Machias farmers swarmed over the warship's sides.

The British crew met them right valiantly and drove them back. Thrice the Machias men charged, paying no heed at all to the rain of lead and steel that dashed in their faces. Their own scanty ammunition was all gone. They used their guns as clubs.

It was Jerry O'Brien's first sea fight. And he had not enough of experience to realize he was hopelessly beaten. Because he did not know he was beaten he fought on. Because he fought on he won the battle.

Capt. Moore was struck down. His demoralized crew fell back before the last charge of the Machias men. Over the side and aboard the *Margaretta* sprang the victors, killing or seizing the remaining Englishmen. They hauled down the British flag and ran the schooner back to the dock—the first prize of our country's first sea fight. It had been a costly victory. For more than twenty men were dead or wounded.

Jerry O'Brien renamed the schooner *The Machias Liberty* and sailed her in triumph to Boston. There he and his farmer crew proudly offered their ship and their own services to their country.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHERE you smoking coming up the stairs?" asked Mrs. Jarr, as she admitted her husband home from the bread line.

"I smell tobacco smoke in the hall."

"Janitor, I guess," said Mr. Jarr.

"You can complain."

"No, it wasn't the janitor," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And as for complaining, I am complaining now to you. If I complained to the janitor, I'd only get impudence. Janitors are like everything else these days, they are getting worse."

"I hear our janitor has enlisted," said Mr. Jarr.

"It would be a good thing," was the reply. "If all the janitors went off to war. Mrs. Winecup was telling me that her cousin, who is in Paris, says all the concierges have gone to war except the old ones. 'Concierge' is what the French call a janitor. Mrs. Winecup says they are worse than what we have in this country, at least they used to be. They wait you come out and in, and they keep the key of the front door and you have to ring to get them to let you in if you are out late, and the way they tip them. That's the reason why the French people, who are very thrifty, don't go out at night, or didn't before the war, and it was only visitors who lived at hotels who kept up the gay night life of Paris."

"But," here she sniffed at Mr. Jarr again. "I do believe you have been smoking again coming up the stairs. You smoke too much at that old office. I should think you would not want to smoke coming home. And it smells like cigarette smoke too."

"Maybe the little lady who lives upstairs, Mrs. Kittingly, has been smoking in the hallway, and smoking cigarettes," suggested Mr. Jarr. "I know I haven't."

"That's right, run her down because she is alone in the world and has no one to defend her," said Mrs. Jarr. "I think you men are all prejudiced against a divorce, simply because she gets her support—when she gets alimony, like Mrs. Kittingly does—without having a husband around to abuse her. Suppose she does smoke. Mrs. Winecup told me all the fashionable women abroad smoked when she was over there, before the war."

"Did Mrs. Winecup?" asked Mr. Jarr, not that he cared, but it shifted the attack from him.

"No, but she said Lady Elizabeth Frognore of Tordington-Middoth Manor, leader of the smart set of London—I have seen her picture as a lady farmer in military uniform—smoked so much that the cigarette stains covered her hands so that everybody thought she wore yellow gloves, and that made yellow gloves fashionable. So there can't be any harm in smoking cigarettes so far as women are concerned, if they do so in moderation."

"You won't let me smoke cigarettes in moderation, or in the house, or in the hall, or in any place," said Mr. Jarr moodily.

Master Willie Jarr, who had come in at this juncture, heard the words: "Gimme the coupons, Pop, want 'em?" he asked.

"Now look!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You have our little Willie interested in such things?"

"What do you mean, such things?" asked Mr. Jarr. "If he's interested in coupons, that's all right; coupons are the earning increment of bonds."

"He means cigarette coupons, and you know it," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes," interjected young hopeful, "they don't pack pictures or little rugs or celluloid buttons in cigarettes any more, but they give coupons, and you can get baseballs and baseball bats and flags for the coupons."

"That will do, Willie!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Little boys and nice people don't touch cigarettes or anything that comes with them."

"Mrs. Kittingly upstairs give me coupons; ain't she a nice lady?" asked the boy.

"Of Lady Elizabeth Tordville, or whatever her name was, the yellow hand London society cigarette destroyer?" Mr. Jarr replied.

But Mrs. Jarr only remarked that she desired the discussion closed.

To-Day's Anniversary

TO-DAY is the birthday of Tammany. On May 12, 1789, William Mooney, an upholsterer, who previously had been active as one of the Sons of Liberty, founded in New York what was intended to be a patriotic and social organization, the secret society of St. Tammany, or Columbian Order, which in 1806 was regularly incorporated as a fraternal aid society.

It was divided into thirteen tribes, each of which had its separate totem. The officers became known as the Grand Sachem, the Sachem, the Sagamore, or master of ceremonies, and the Wicliamski, or doorkeeper. In 1811 the society built its first hall, and in 1867 moved to Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth Street, where it has been ever since. Early in its history Tammany began to take an active part in politics. Aaron Burr is supposed to have been its tutor in the ways of politics, and in 1800 the society took part in its first campaign, being instrumental in carrying New York for Thomas Jefferson. The name Tammany is adapted from that of an Indian chief, Tamamora, of the Delaware tribe, who was famous for his virtue and wisdom. He died in 1740 and was buried in New Britain Township, Bucks County, Pa. Tammany was one of the earliest social organizations in America. The members in the early days were accustomed to dress in Indian costume.